

A GARLAND OF NEW SONGS.

Robin Adair.

Oh! no, my love, no!

The Thorn.

The girl of my Heart

Tell her I love her.

Only tell her that I
love.

Love and Glory.

The Soldier's Adieu.

My Mary dear, &c.



Newcastle upon Tyne:

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of Songs, Ballads, Tales, Histories, &c.

Robin Adair.

WHAT's this dull town to me?
Robin's not near.

What was't I wish'd to see?

What wish'd to hear?

Where's all the joy and mirth

Made this town heaven on earth?

Oh! they are all fled with thee,
Robin Adair.

What made the assembly shine?—

Robin Adair.

What the ball look so fine,

Robin was there:

What, when the play was o'er,

What made my heart so sore?—

Oh! it was parting with
Robin Adair.

But thou art cold to me,

Robin Adair.

But now thou'rt cold to me,

Robin Adair.

Yet he I lov'd so well

Still in my heart shall dwell:

Oh! I can ne'er forget
Robin Adair.

Oh! no, my love, no.

WHILE I hang on your bosom, distracted to
lose you,

High swells my sad heart, and fast my tears flow,

Yet think not of coldness, they fall to accuse you,
Did I ever upbraid you?—Oh! no, my love, no.

I own it would please me, at home could you tarry,

Nor e'er feel a wish from Maria to go:

But if it gives pleasure to you, my dear Harry,
Shall I blame your departure?—Oh! no, my love, no.

Now do not, dear Hal, while abroad you are straying

That heart which is mine on a rival bestow;

Nay, banish that frown, such displeasure betraying;

Do you think I suspect you? Oh! no, my love, no.

I believe you too kind for one moment to grieve me,

Or plant in a heart which adores you such woe:

Yet should you dishonour my truth and deceive me,

Shou'd I e'er cease to love you? Oh! no, my love, no.

The Thorn.

FROM the white blossom'd sloe my dear Chloe
requested

A sprig, her dear breast to adorn:

No, by heav'n's! I exclaim'd, may I perish,

If ever I plant in that bosom a thorn.

Then I shew'd her a ring and implor'd her to
marry,

She blush'd like the dawning of morn:

Yes I'll consent, she replied, if you'll promise

That no jealous rival shall laugh me to scorn.

No, by heav'n's, &c.

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The Girl of my Heart.

I HAVE parks, I have grounds,
I have deer, I have hounds.
And for sporting a neat little cottage;
I have youth, I have wealth,
I have strength, I have health,
Yet I mope like a beau in his dotage.
What can I want?—'Tis the girl of my
heart,
To share those treasures with me;
For had I the wealth which the Indies
impart,
No pleasure would it give me,
Without the lovely girl of my heart,
The sweet lovely girl of my heart.

My domain far extends,
And sustains social friends,
Who make music divinely enchanting;
We have balls, we have plays,
We have routs, public days,
And yet still I feel something a-wanting.
What should it be? but the girl of my
heart,
To share those treasures with me;
And had I the wealth which the Indies
impart,

No pleasure would it give me,
 Without the lovely girl of my heart,
 The sweet lovely girl of my heart.
 For what is the wealth which the Indies
 impart,
 Compar'd with the girl of my heart?
 Then give me the girl of my heart.

Tell her I love her.

TELL her I love her while the clouds drop rain,
 Or while there's water in the pathly main;
 Tell her I love her till this life is o'er.
 And then my ghost shall visit this sweet shore:
 Tell her I only ask she'll think on me—
 I'll love her while there's salt within the sea:
 Tell her all this; tell it, tell it o'er and o'er,
 I'll love her while there's salt within the sea.
 Tell her all this: tell it, tell it o'er and o'er;
 The anchor's weigh'd, or I would tell her more.

Only tell her that I love.

ONLY tell her that I love,
 Leave the rest to her and fate,
 Some kind planet from above,
 Only tell her how I love.
 Why, oh why should I despair?
 Mercy's painted in her eye.

If she does vouchsafe to hear,
 Welcome Hope, and farewell Fear.
 Ye zephyrs, on your balmy gale,
 Bear to my fair the tender tale,
 And whisp'ring softly from above,
 Only tell her that I love,
 Tell her softly, only tell her that I love,
 Only tell her that I love.

Love and Glory

YOUNG Henry was as brave a youth,
 As ever grac'd a martial story;
 And Jane was fair as lovely truth,
 She sigh'd for love and he for glory.

With her his faith he meant to plight,
 And told her many a gallant story;
 Till war, their honest joys to blight,
 Call'd him away from love to glory.

Brave Henry met the foe with pride;
 Jane follow'd, fought—ah! hapless story!
 In man's attire, by Henry's side,
 She died for love, and he for glory.

The Soldier's Adieu.

A DIEU! adieu! my only life,
 My honour calls me from thee:
 Remember thou'rt a soldier's wife—
 Those tears but ill become thee.
 What though by duty I am call'd
 Where thundering cannons rattle;
 Where Valour's self might stand appall'd!
 When on the wings of thy dear love,
 To heaven above
 Thy fervent orisons are flown;
 The tender prayer
 Thou putt'st up there
 Shall call a guardian angel down,
 To watch me in the battle.

My Mary Dear, &c.

THOU ling'ring star, with less'ning ray
 That lov'st to greet the early morn
 Again thou usher'st in the day
 My Mary from my soul was torn.
 O Mary, dear departed shade!
 Where is thy place of blissful rest!
 See'st thou thy lover lowly laid? [breast
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend h

That sacred hour can I forget?

Can I forget the hallow'd grove?

Here, by the winding Ayr we met,

To live one day of parting love.

Eternity cannot efface

Those records dear of transport past;

Thy image at our last embrace,

Ah! little thought we 'twas our last.

Thy gurgling, kiss'd its pebbled shore,

O'erhung with wild-woods thick'ning

green;

The fragrant birch and hawthorn hoar

'twind am'rous round the raptur'd scene:

The flowers sprang wanton to be prest;

The birds sang love on every spray:

Too, too soon the glowing west

Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.

O'er these scenes my memory wakes,

And fondly broods with miser care;

But the impression stronger makes,

As streams their channels deeper wear.

Mary, dear departed shade!

Where is thy place of blissful rest?

Is't thou thy lover lowly laid? [breast.

Hearest thou the groans that rend his